

# THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.



Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

HELIOTROPE

Dramatic Film Story of Adventure, Self-Sacrifice and Love

When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of .

EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Based on the Story by Richard Washburn Child, "Heilotrope," a Cosmopolitan Production Released as a Paramount-Arteraft Picture.

Directed by Geo. D. Baker. in. She was starting on that very journey now over the ocean of screen Version Novelized. By Jane McLean.

TELIOTROPE, HARRY'S WILL outburst was not only a blot on his record, but the kind and destroyed morale. The war-den, who had been telephoned to, came on the run and looked in at the bars. What's the row here open his

The guards protested: "It's dangerous, sir; he's gone off his head."

"Open the door," commanded "Square Mike," and the key turned in the lock. Heliotrope Harry made a wild lunge only to find himself in the grasp of two men whose arms closed around him like steel. He fought and he struggled in vain. "Let him go," said the warden. Their arms loosened—the door

shut and Heliotrope Harry stood facing the big man with the clear

"Well. Harry, what's the matter-you a trusty, too-come on now, what's the trouble-tell me?" Nothing harsh about his voice-

He was talking man to man and Heliotrope Harry melted-sank to his knees and with his hands clasped, made his plea: "Warden let me go-I'll come back-I give my word -It's my little girl-they're going to hurt her, I've got to get out."

Pyne looked the sympathy he felt, but he shook his head sadly-Harry edged forward on his knees. supplication in his voice, tears in

Warden I never thought I'd say it-but I got to-I saved your life once in the riot before they knew you were on the level - pay me back-let me go.

Pyne looked at him. "It's out of my hands, Harry; you know that—"
For a second the old spirit broke "Then I'll break jail-I'll-" "Wait a minute, Harry; you haven't told me yet-

Again the supplicating voice. "That's right, warden — there she is -my little girl-you see thisthis namer, where it tells about the wedding-that's my little girl, and that young chap—Andrews, he's going to marry her-and her mother-I guess I'd better not say what I want to about her-she's found itfound out after all these years who Alice is, and she's going to blackmail them and tell the world I'm her father."

Pyne rose and faced the prisoner. "Harry, the governor's coming here Thursday—I'll put it up to him—
I'll make it strong—I can't promise more. Is that right?"

Heliotrope Harry, broken now guiping his thanks, seized the warden's hand and, pressing it in both his own, remained bowed like a wor-

The guards found him brooding as they passed on their rounds. He saw nothing; he heard nothing; he was consumed with hope. On Thursday the governor was to come and the warden would tell of his case. Suppose-suppose-he beat the possibilities over in his weary brain till he slept and in his sleep they took form again and raged ram-pant in wild dreams.

The days that the tormented father passed waiting for the arrival of Governor Mercer were days of unalloyed pleasure to the daughter, who was unaware of his existence. Having already notified the good sisters of her coming wedding she returned with Mabel to say her

To her this breaking ties with the convent was the breaking of home ties. She recalled now her dreams of the great world, her longing to go beyond the mountain's

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she kissed Sister Angela good-by. "Don't forget us," said the sweetfaced woman, "when you come to the hard places of life think of us a little and may happiness and peace go with you. "Dear mother Angela, you know I could never forget you. All my joy has come through being here." With the blessing of the sisters, Alice left the convent the envy of the girls who had once affected to

So there was genuine regret in

her heart and tears in her eyes as

lock down on her. But she went with no more light on the secret of her coming and the mystery loomed up more tantaliz-ing than ever. She lamented to Mabel, who laughed away her fears. "Jimmie's marrying you for what

"But suppose " insisted Alice.
"Yes. Suppose they were poor as church mice-it wouldn't make any difference." "And we know they must have

your parents were."

been good," replied Alice. It was so easy to deal in generalities when the real story was unknown. The daughter of Heliotrope Harry could little imagine , what sort of a man her father really was. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she couldn't hold him in affectionate regard that made the prisoner firm never to offer the real man for the man he could have been and the man his Alice thought he must be. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### To Cure Sore **Throat**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

UINSY sore throat differs from ordinary forms of tonsilitis in that the inflammation is more deeply seated in the tonsil, and tends to form an abscess. An attack of quinsy sore throat

may last from three to ten days. It is not an uncommon disease. While the apparent cause is exposure to wet and cold its true source is a chronic bacterial infection of the deeper tonsillar tissue, or even of the spaces and structures underlying the tonsil.

The abscess which forms in the course of a quinsy sore throat is therefore usually located under the tonsil, and burrows its way toward the roof of the mouth. Inspection usually reveals a bulging forward of the tissues over the tonsil. This swelling feels boggy to the finger. and finally presents an area softer than the rest of the mass, through which spontaneous rupture of the abscess takes place, or through which the surgeon makes an in-

The apparent association between quinsy and rheumatism simply means that the same organisms which give rise to the local disturbance in tonsilitis also play a part in the infection of the joints (arthritis), known as rheumatism In both cases the initial infection may be in or about the teeth.

The symptoms of quinsy are chilliness and feverishness, increasing pain and soreness on swallowing, and finally almost complete inability to swallow, by which time either nature or the surgeon takes a hand in the way of relief.

Until the abscess ruptures or is opened by the surgeon the patient is unable to open his mouth beyond the fraction of an inch, while the saliva dribbles continually away But with the discharge of the the abscess pain is relieved and the patient rapidly recoverys.

The sufferer should gargle with hot water and have cold applications made to his neck until the abscess matures. The diet should be liquid or soft and nourishing. Tonsils subject to quinsy should be removed.

#### BOOKS

WOMAN ON THE BENCH. By Grace Irene Rohleder. Washington: Fairview Publishing Company.

This pamphlet contains more matter for sober thought than many a book with as many chapters as it contains pages. The author has gone deeply into the whole subject concerning the place woman has heretofore occupied in affairs of government, explains the reason for her limited participation, and shows just why this state of affairs is even more unjust at present than in the past.

The first chapters are devoted to an exposition of the theory of representative government and to the organization of courts, all largely run by men under laws made by men, and from the viewpoint of men exclusively. She goes on to show that there are many cases tried in the courts where the presence of women as court officers would be an invaluable means to the ends of justice. Several instances are enum

erated in support of this point. The final chapters are taken up in an analysis of the effect American women of the changed attitude toward them of our men who served overseas and came in contact with social organizations vastly different from ours. The author points to the necessity for meeting this altered attitude of American There is also a word of warning to women to be vigilant in public affairs, lest our standards be lowered by female immigrants.

# Is Marriage a Success?

MARRIED THREE YEARS AND CALLS IT A SUCCESS.

I am twenty-three years of age and married for a little over three years. To me marriage has been a success. And this is the reason When I was going with my wife I studied her ways and watched her help her mother, which every young man should do, and when a young man expects to marry he should ask his wife-to-be to cook a meal or two, by which he could judge as

to what kind of housekeeper she is Instead of looking at how well she is dressed and how much rouge she has on her face, or how much money she can make him spend on her. Don't lie, be honest is all your talk, and split fifty-fifty in every thing. Most men don't tell their wives how much money they make.

and they are nagging all the time

to find out. Come home, sit down and figure up your bills and whatever is left, split fifty-fifty.

A good woman likes to have her husband bring her home something, such as a bunch of flowers or box of candy. The wife should sometimes have something to surprise her husband, such as a new shirt. How proud it will make them both feel. Think of each other's interests.

Go out together and be real pals. Go to church and enjoy yourselves together.

should settle down and make a lit-tle home for themselves instead of going to the moving pictures every night or dancing, and the most of all happiness is a child in the home. to cheer you when you come home and talk cute to you. It seems as ome men and women of today have no heart. Don't care for children. never give them a pleasant word on the street. What is more heavenly than a young baby in its mother's arms with papa there to help with whatever he can do.

And when father comes home always come in with a kiss and smile for his wife no matter how rough and contrary his work has been all day. Have that smile and kiss which means a whole lot to a good When a man and woman feel a

little contrary overlook the few little words and say, "You don't feel good, dear, I know." Smile, smile, smile and always work in harmony with each other, and everything

will go along alright.

Smile and enjoy good health, which is better than wealth. This is my married life for over three

MARRIAGE IS A SUCCESS. IT IS DIVINELY ORDAINED.

Marriage is a success, because true marriage is made in heaven. The comparatively few couples in this country who seek release from each other in the divorce courts merely emphasize the courage and devotion to filial duty shown by millions of husbands and wives who remain together until death does them part, according to the marriage vow. The home is God's most sacred institution. The family is the fundamental unit of government on earth and God's own method of populating the world with men and women created in His image and likeness. Surely such a divine institution can never be a failure. Man's chief end here is to attain perfection by more closely following the example and methods of our Savior, Jesus of Nazareth. The history of the human race for thousands of years is one grand prog-ress toward mental and physical and, therefore, spiritual, perfection. By creating our first parents and forming a family, God placed divine approval on marriage. With rare exceptions, its purpose is success fully carried out. As God's universe is self-governed through eternal laws, so man is learning to control himself through the marriage relation.

While the foregoing statements are true, there appears to be much inharmony between husbands and wives and, sad to say, their children. This, however, is not true, being appearance only, a surface indication, the real affection being shown when death enters the home or serious trouble comes. The Book says: "Judge not from appearances, for appearances are deceitful."

The truth is, the average husband and wife have a deep devotion and love for each other, more sincere than any other feeling, as this endures to the end despite the trials of a lifetime. The start in married life is made with the enthusiasm born of youth's idealism, health, desire and determination to succeed In far too many cases this wonderful mental and spiritual equipment seems to be lost sight of in the matter-of-fact struggle for the material things of life-the expensive home. fine clothes, accumulation of money, etc., in the mad race to equal or excel others. Forgetting God-self-ishness-then, is the chief sin, for does not the Book say: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things

shall be added unto you." Every true marriage is a union of two souls. Any apparent failure is due to selfishness or separateness in purposes and plans. In divorce the devil wins, as their divergence in thoughts, words and ways seems to make necessary their physical separation. Increasing years give a belief in advancing age, which argues lessened health, strength and usually patience, loss of enthusiasm, loss of confidence in each other. The reason for the distressing inharmony seen in too many homes, although true love dwells there, is seeing evil in the other partner and speaking thoughts which seem in later years to be manifest in the other loved one in that home.

Let husbands and wives see only good in each other and their children, as they do in their dear friends and their friends see in them, and

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's

Address your contributions to MARRIAGE EDITOR, The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.

most of life's inharmony will disappear as a shadow and marriage will be realized as a complete success.

DECEMBER AND MAY WILL NOT MIX WELL.

As to happy and unhappy marriages: It depends a great many times on the age of the couple. Say a girl eighteen or nineteen marries a man thirty-five. A man at this age is generally "settled." while a girl at nineteen is not settled. I will give here a pen picture of my own married life and how it turned out I was only eighteen when I first met my husband, and when I be came nineteen we were married. he being thirty-five. He did not seem old to me when we were married. We were always going out to dances and enjoyed everything together, but after a few months he seemed so changed-settled, like

child yet. I do not believe in the husband being so old for a young girl. I think they should be nearer

MARRIAGE FAILS BECAUSE

OF DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS. Marriage, in most cases, is a I believe that in order to make marriage a success there must be team work. A man should seek love and companionship, and not beauty, when he seeks a wife.

FINDS MARRIAGE A

Some marriages are failures because both parties to the conspiracy successfully deceive each other before marriage.

poker seem like a Sunday school game. The man appears as a demi-god, with all the virtues of a saint

#### failure because the husband and wife are not of the same tempera-

A CURE FOR ROMANCE

Courtship is a bluff which makes

# The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With MARION DAVIES By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Testerday) "I expected you this morning." said Cleland, stepping clear of his

story now, and looking very soberly at his old school friend. "I didn't intend to come at all." He seated himself in the chair indicated. "But I couldn't keep

You look about all in." Cleland got up, walked to the ice-box, knocked off a bit of ice with a

tack-hammer, and leisurely con-structed a highball. you are, Harry. I can't; I'm working. There are cigars by your clbow, cigarettes, too. Belter looked vacantly at the iced bracer, then he dropped both elbows on the edge of the desk and took his drawn face between his

hands. Cleland began to pace the studio. Presently he halted by Belter's

"Hell," he said, pleasantly, "cut gut the tragedy! It's good enough for my novel, where the poor devils I write about have to do what I make 'em. But you and I are free

to do what we choose."
"Yes. • • And I've done it.
• • I've done what I chose. Where has it landed me, Cleland?" He looked at the frosty glass, pushed it away from him: "That was a sorry spectacle I made of myself last night. Can you

beat that for degradation-a man who has made a damnable failure of marriage, skulking at his wife's heels to snap and snarl at any decent man who is civil to her?" Don't talk so bitterly-"I'm induiging in a luxury, Cle-land—the luxury of truth, of hon-esty, of straight thinking.

I've been bragging about it, celebrating it, extolling it for years. But I never did any until last "You're rubbing it in pretty hard,

Harry. A man is bound to make "I'm the mistake! I realize it,

now—as Verne realized it. That's why he did what he did. You don't if you are right, • • I never supposed I could behave as rottenly as I did last night. But it's been a long strain. • • You heard that rotten outbreak of mine concerning women the night we heard what Verne had done? Well, the strain was showing. . . It broke me last night, . . " He lifted his head and looked in-

tently at Cleland. "It was the shock of seeing her in a public place with another man! I had never seen her with any other man. It's nearly three years, now since I made a damned ass of my self, and she very quietly went her way, leaving me to go mine . . . And in all that time, Cleland, there has not been a breath of suspicion lighter and more frivolous shows almost continuously; but she has lived as straight a life as any woman ever lived. • • And I knew it. cur that I was-when I spoke to her as I did, and turned on you

like a rotter-He extended his hand and took hold of the iced glass, but let it rest "I've lied and lied and lied," he

said, "to myself about myself; to others about my estimate of women. · · · I'm just a four-flusher, Cleland. The best of 'em are better than our stars. The remainder average as well as we do. . . . Verne got what was coming to him. • • And so have I. Cleland-so have I-

"Wait a moment-"Wait?" Belter b Belter laughed mirth- to Black. lessly. "All right. I know how to I this out.

do. I've waited for nearly three years before I've told myself the truth. I've told it now, to myself, and to you . . But it's too late to tell it to her."
"Do you think it s?"

Belter looked up in pallid sur-

Belter's sunken gaze had become

remote and fixed again. He said,

"I wonder," mused Cleland.

half to himself: "I couldn't let her alone. I couldn't learn to mind my own I'd been bawling aloud my theories for years, Cleland, but I couldn't apply them to her or to myself. I bragged about my mania for personal liberty, for tolerance; I lauded the maxim of 'hands off.' But I couldn't keep my meddling hands off her: I couldn't understand that she had the right to personal liberty—freedom in the pursuit of happiness, No; I tried to head her off, check her, stampede her into the common corral wither all men's wives are supposed to be driven-tried to rope her and throw her and blindfold, hobble and break her to suit myself. • • • And, Cleland, do you know what happened? I found I had come upon a character, a mind, a personality which would not endure the tyranny we men call domestic affection. \* \* \* That's what I discovered. . . . And I did not do the breaking, No.: she has accomplished that. And—here I am, to admit it

to you. • • • And I think I'll go,



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the capabilities of a genius He describes in minute detail his glorious future filled with economic conquests and great achievements. She appears always as a neat, smiling angel with the grace of a duchess and the culture of a queen. When they make the fatal blun-der and each finds that the other is only a human being with many un expected faults, illusion ends and

FINDS IT SUCCESS.

Husband and wife are so closely associated one-third of each day that mutual magnetic influences tend to harmonize any differences in temperament and disposition and to really make them one in thought and purpose in everything that pertains to each other's happiness and

Man and woman are so wonderfully adapted for each other that they may regularly enjoy such thrills of exquisite pleasure and exaltation of mind as is impossible to describe and which greatly overbalance the petty troubles that may arise between them.

above the earth to the sublime realm of the infinite and becomes the agency of the Almighty Ruler of all things in heaven and earth for continuing the creation of beings for useful lives here and immortality hereafter.

find a man so gnarled, twisted or warped in mind and body that he is a disgrace to the marriage state and should be evicted therefrom for the good of the world.

reach our fiftieth anniversary, and I give my sentiments for the bene-fit of the doubtful or undecided. M. W.

YOUNG GIRLS HAVE WRONG

visions soon fade and the cares of

life soon make themselves known. Life becomes to the young couple daily grind, with a little pleasure once in a while, in place of the wonderful married life of which they both dreamed. That is why there are so few happy marriages. People go into marriage not realiz-ing the responsibility. They wake up in a short time, and thus the divorce courts are kept busy. E. G. D.

trouble begins. MARRIED FIFTY YEARS

by the great Architect of the Universe and with everything created pronounced good. To question its success is to question the wisdom of the author.

Marriage thereby is elevated

In a few days my wife and I will

that take their fancy. But on finding that home is a room and kitch-

Marriage is a system instituted

daily lives.

Occasionally a tree is a blot on the landscape and sometimes we

IDEA BEFORE MARRIAGE.

each other morning and night year in and year out without getting on each other's nerves at times, no matter how much they profess to care for each other. That is why marriage is not one continual courtship, as we would like it to be. Young girls of the marriageable means freedom, pretty clothes, and plenty of money to spend on things enette and freedom wheeling the baby in the afternoon after doing a small wash and cleaning up, their

son. You can do what you like with me, you know. My life is really in fee to you. I'm a thief

and you know it, and I'm ready to pay off in any way you see fit." From this attitude I couldn't move the girl, and as it was evi-dently no less than torture to her to be with me I made up my mind this must be the last she'd ever see of me unless she chose to have it otherwise. This fitted in with what I had half promised Jim when agreeing that I'd rely on his judgment rather than my own in fu-ture. I wouldn't be "Mrs. Fixit"

any longer. Leaving Daisy to her own devices was a good way to prove the sincerity of my promise to Jim and myself. As we finished our lunch I said with seeming lightness, which held a promise nevertheless: "Daisy, I can see that you're busy—that your new work ab-sorbs you. I don't want you to

slip out of my life the way Kate did. But I can't force myself on. Won't you-when you feel you really want to see me-let me hear from you. And make it soon." "Why, of course; I'll call you up as soon as I have the time," agreed Daisy in a tone of evident relief. I almost felt that meant never, and after some shopping I returned in great dejection of spirit

failure. I felt that the girl

guarded. She cluded me. To her

evident agony and to my real em-

barrassment, she insisted on re-

verting to the ring again with raw

"I'm in your power, Mrs. Harri-

was at once bored and

caller was announced. It was Irma Warren, and I went out to great her in very real delight. AN UNUSUAL GIRL. She wore the simplest of navyblue for ards dotted in white, and a neat little white sailor of the round, flat style she seemed to af-

to my empty apartment. Hardly

had I arrived, however, when a

fect topped it. She had the look of radiant health and wholesome simplicity so rare in big cities. "I'm glad you're in," she said, unpretentiously, "I know very few girls, and—and I always did so want to know you. But you semed so busy, and I felt sort of ashamed of being useless and old-fashioned." she added in a breathless rush, as if she were afraid she'd not get it said unless she got it

out quickly. and gladder still I've joined the idle classes if it's to let me know "Do you mean it, really?" asked

the niece of the great Mr. Haldane with the utmost simplicity. "I've wanted to come every day, but I wasn't sure I wouldn't be intruding. Then today I met your brother on the street, and he told me Mr. Harrison was away, and I thought you might be a little lonely, as I am sometimes." "I'm very lonely." I confessed.

'And nothing nicer than this visit

with me?" Irma Warren eagerly asked. "This is uncle's night out.

You see, Sunday the chess game is

"Would you come home to dinner

could have come to break it."

Y lunch with Daisy was a at our house and then every Friday uncle goes over to the Chess Club."

You haven't met many people in the city yet." I said half to myself. "but when you do they won't le you sit home sewing and reading."
"I do like to go to the theater or to a good concert. And uncle is so kind. We go every Thursday and Monday in season," she replied. "But I suppose you mean with young people. That would be nice. Do you suppose they'd like me?"

AN INVITATION. "I know it." I declared. "Now, I've a suggestion. This is a warm evening-one of the last, I suppose. Instead of going to your home for dinner, won't you be my guest at a

roof garden? "I'd love it. Uncle has taken me once or twice, but the drafts are bad for his rheumatism. Can we go without an escort?"

There was a wistful note in that question. The cry of youth for youth, of Phyllis for Corydon, and I determined that my pretty Irma should have an escort and an attentive one. So, leaving her ensconsed in the living room with a good book, I went promptly to the telephone and called first Carl Booth, whose line didn't answer, and then Anthony Norreys, whose good Nora informed me that "Mr. Tony has left town for the week-

couldn't make things gay and festive for the dear, simple girl waiting for me so trustingly. I started back and met Hedwig in the hall. "Gentleman calling." she said.

"Now isn't that nice of Dame Fate! She provides an escort." reflected, giving a little skip as I hurried back to the living room. Bending over the couch from which Irma Warren was just rising to greet him was a familiar bulky him carry Irma's hand to his lips and to note the painful crimson which flooded her face. Then, as if sensing my presence, Tom Mason

turned with a ready explanation:

"I stopped in to see if I could

motor you and Jimmie up the road

for a bite, Donna Anna. And, behold, my kindly and watchful guardian angel sends Miss Warren to complete the party. You'll come, won't you, dear lady?" "Why, we were going out to dinner." replied Irma Warren, guile-"I thought probably Mrs. Harrison

had asked you and that you'd been right in the neighborhood to get here so promptly. Why, as Tom Mason ran his eyes over the girl's face with elvdent admiration-why did I suddenly see in her place Daisy Condon, with a

dazzle of bronze bright hair about her face?

(To Be Continued.)

The Plain Man. "An optimist is a man who cherishes vain hopes, and a pessimist is a man who nurses vain regrets." And what is a man who does both?" "Oh, he's just a plain, ordinary person."



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